TRUE STORIES OF CRIMES AND CRIMINALS



By R. H. SHERARD



HOW FOREIGN BANKERS ARE VICTIMIZED.

Bankers, the world over, are marked ou by criminals as their prey. By no means an easy prey, it may be said cause bankers naturally surround themelves with precautions which seem to defy all criminal attempts. Though the English banker has reasons constantly to fear the forger and to guard against his exploits, he has rarely to dread violence or the knife of the assassin. I say rarely, because, as we all remember, there was made, but a short time ago, at a suburban London branch of a banking company, an attempt by a desperado to "hold up" the bank officials, the account of which reads like a page from "Robbery Under Arms," or a news item from some paper published in the far West of America. On the continent in general, on the contrary, and in France in particular, murder is one of the dangers with which the bankers have to count. Not the bankers themselves, of course, but their employes. The reason for this difference lies in th fact that abroad the banking system is al together different from that practiced in England. In England, merchants and tradespeople have banking accounts, and pay their bills when due by checks sent direct to their creditors. In France, and elsewhere on the continent, checks are still very little used, so little indeed that it is certain that sine out of ten Frenchmen don't know what check is, or that it may not be worth the paper it is written on; in which connection, it may be remarked, much swindling is done on the continent by English rogues by means of worthless checks, and even foreign bankers, who have a curious and persistent faith in the natural honesty of Englishman, are frequently victimized in this way. In France, when a manufacturer, for instance, sends his goods as pe order to a customer in trade, he at the same time draws upon him for the amount of the invoice. This draft, which is really nothing sayable at a date agreed upon when the or-Ger was taken; at thirty, sixty or ninety days, for instance. The manufacturer then ends his draft to his bank, who discounts for him and credits him with the amount the draft, when it becomes due, is presented at the house of the debtor by a bank clerk. who, in exchange, receives the amount for which it is made payable.

Anybody who has been some time France must have noticed these collecting clerks as they hurried briskly along the streets in their smart blue uniforms and cocked hats, with huge leather satchels chained to their bodies. As for convenience cake these drafts are usually made payable at the middle or at the end of each month, it will be easily understood that on such days these garcons de recette, or collecting clerks, each dealing with hundreds of payments, have a very large sum to bring back to the bank at nights. On certain days he clerks who collect accounts in various business quarters of Paris may, when their ounds are finished, find their satchels weighted with from twelve to twenty thouend pounds in notes and gold. It may b dded that these men are often old and that hey are not usually armed. Under these cirumstances it is not surprising that they hould occasionally be marked out as victims by criminals of more than ordinary udacity. This degree of audacity, indeed, s requisite, for on such a crime almost imnediate inquiry follows. Investigation is set n foot within half an hour after the time at which the receiving clerk is due at the ank. It is known exactly at what houses e had to call, and his steps can be followed rom house to house. Again, the appearance the "man in blue" is always noticed at ach house which he enters; he attracts not ltogether favorable attention. A debt coltor, he is known as the degraisseur, or "fat remover." If a "blue" clerk were seen to go into a house and not to leave it, the house porter, the neighbors or the people over the way, would immediately begin to talk. In spite of all these difficulties, however, desperate men have been known to lay traps for these bank clerks, and cruel murders have been done to obtain possession of the heavily-weighted satchels. There is always, it should be observed, the chance that the bank authorities may suspect the missing clerk of dishonesty and attribute his disppearance to flight. So that investigation would go astray and time be gained.

DANGER TO THE "MEN IN BLUE."

A WOMAN AS "BAIT." Occasionally ruse is employed in the place violence to get hold of the coveted spoils. Thus, there is now awaiting trial for plunering a garcon de recette of £800 a gang which includes a woman, who was used as Whilst he was praising Dulcinea's eyes the an's accomplices were emptying his

A similar sum was the reward of the br I murder of a bank clerk named Sebalte. which was committeed on July 8, 1878, by a narine store dealer named Martin, whose udacity may be gauged by the facts that his shop was in one of the busiest streets of Paris, the Rue St. Lazare, and that the commission of the crime took place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when hundreds of people were passing the shop every minute. Imagne killing a bank clerk in a shop in Fleet street at that hour! It transpired that Martin had laid a trap. He had managed so that a draft should be presented to him for payment with the deliberate intention of killng and robbing the man with the satchel. and when Sebalte handed him the oblong Mp of paper, he ran him through the body with a sword, emptied the satchel into his pockets, and decamped. Arrested soon afterwards and sent for trial he had the luck to appear before a merciful jury, who found extenuating circumstances in a case where malice prepense and cold-blooded cruelty were pre-eminent. He got off with transportation and is probably enjoying life under the magnificent skies of New Caledonia.

TRACED BY A COIN. The man Carrara, who was executed a few years ago for a similar offense, might, with better justice, have benefited by the clemency of the jury, for he had laid no trap and there was nothing to prove that he had premeditated his crime. The draft was preented to him in the ordinary course of h

A FERRYBOAT NOCTURNE.

ray treers and ragged slouch hat-has sic on life's tired nerves. The busy sand oused at wheelbarrow, shovel and pick, to elevator has stopped; and its huge iron jaws

combined with that of a mushroom-grower, His inn was situated in a lonely part of St. Ouen, over the quarries, in which natural catacombs were his mushroom plantations. The Italian was, financially, in a very bad way, and this was known in the neighborhood. Still, no suspicion attached to him at first when it became known that the collecting clerk who visited the St. Ouen district had mysteriously disappeared, and with him a sum of several thousand pounds. He admitted having received the clerk's visit and produced the draft which "had caused him many sleepless nights but which, in spite of all, he had managed to pay." After investigations which lasted over a week, the bank authorities came to the conclusion that their employe had absconded, and a hue and cry was raised. A day or two afterwards a woman presented herself at the head police office and made the following statement: "This morning, Madame Carrara, whom we all know to be in bad straits. came to my shop-I keep a grocery not far from their inn-and paid a long-standing account, rather a big sum, which, I confess, had looked on as lost. I was surprised but what surprised me more was to notice amongst the coins which she gave me a certain five-franc piece

business as an innkeeper, a trade which he

which I recognized at once as one which I had paid to the bank clerk on the day of his disappearance. It was an old-fashioned piece, and I had had doubts as to its currency, so was very glad when the bank clerk took it with the rest of my money. The question appears to arise: How did that five-franc piece come into Carrara's possession?" Suspicion was thus aroused against the Italians and a visit of the police to the inn followed. So embarrassed did this sinister couple appear when questioned as to how that particular coin had come into their possession that a search of the premises was at once ordered and carried out. Neither was anything found, until it occurred to one heap in the subterranean plantation. On to this cinder heap Carrara used to empty the ashes from one or two braziers which he kept burning to keep up the requisite temperature for forcing his mushrooms. And then traces of the unfortunate bank clerk were discovered. Not much, a charred button or two, embossed with the name of the bank, and the twisted metal work of a bank satchel. Then the woman confessed. In their great distress the temptation had been too strong for them when they had seen the bearer of so much money in their lonely inn, out of human sight and hearing. Carrara had struck him down and afterwards lowered the body, head downwards, over the fiery underground furnace, and all had been consumed-all except a button or two-enough to send the man to the guillotine. It was the desecration of the corpse, no doubt, which hardened the hearts of the jury, for in France the dead are held in sacred rever-

"MOST CYNICAL" OF MURDERERS. The famous Lacenaire was, I think, the originator of this form of crime, and the trap he laid-it was in the early forties-for the bank clerk Genevay was almost successful. He had laid his plans carefully, selecting an address so that Genevay called there at the end of his rounds, that is to say when his satchel was full. That a bank clerk, bearing thousands of pounds, should venture after nightfall into a garret furnished with a couple of chairs and a table, and occupied by a shabby and mysterious stranger, will strike one as imprudent, and if Genevay escaped with only a wound from the bradawl which Lacenaire had prepared for him in payment of the draft which he had drawn yet "got his hand in" in the the art of murder. He became a past master in assassination later on, and so numerous were his crimes that after he was sentenced to death for the cowardly murder of an old woman. the King, to mark his approval of this sentence, wrote 'Louis Philippe' in full across the head of the warrant, instead of his initials only. Lacenaire was the lion of Paris. poetized and postured to the end; the most cynical murderer whose head ever fell under the knife of the guillotine.

That burglars in France should venture to of small banking concerns which are not safeguarded as are our big English banks. Every small money-changer and some solicitors carry on banking businesses. The plunder usually takes the form of scrip, stocks thieves, through an agent, who is somedon agent writes to the man who has been robbed on the continent and offers to return him his property on payment of a commission, which is never less than 30 per cent. of the market value of the stolen shares. As, for legal reasons, into which it is unnecessary to go here, the English police are unable to assist the foreign victim in the recovery of his property; he has to submit to these conditions, and does so on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. Thus, in 1877, a M. Burat, banker in Paris, had to pay £9,000 to get back stock worth £30,000, of which he had been robbed. In 1884, Rodrique, banker in the Rue de la Paix, paid a commission of 30 per cent, on £14,000 worth of shares which had found their way from his fractured safe into the hands of the thieves' London bankers. In 1884, £6,000 worth of stock had to be bought back "on the usual terms" in London. This nefarious business prospers and is of constant occurrence, but foreign bankers are clamoring for a reform of the English laws dealing with stolen property in the hands of English receivers. Pending this reform they are, as they are well aware, ill-advised in approaching the powerless English police. Their movements are watched, and any visit to Scotland Yard immediately sends the commission demanded up by 20 per cent.

Next Week: "The Smaller Fry of Foreign Criminals Copyright in the United States of America by D. T. Pierce. All rights reserved.]

I shuffle off up the bank and buy his evening watermelon. On the Jeffersonville levee, the To see the summer day's end from the up- old black drift-gatherer ceases her labors, per deck of an Ohio-river ferryboat is to and sits on her bundle of sticks to cool her unveil a new joy in sunsets. The hill wor- weary eves on the green island and the shiper, with a jealous, reluctant pang, be- flowing water. Barefooted boys climb out on comes a river worshiper on learning that the logs, to fly old-time kites over the in the long bright calendar of land sunsers stream, and baby buggies, on the Louisville only the half has been told. In the declining | side, spring up almost out of the ground, hours of a hot July day, languid at its noon, with men and women from the stifling tenenew life awakens on the river, a fresher ments, bent on a cool evening's gossip on zest springs up on shore. As the well-laden | the riverside curbstones. That red and green W. H. Hite glides from wharf to wharf on | bullfrog, the tugboat Nellie Brown-"usher as picturesque mile and a quarter diagonal and chaperon of the harbor"-sputters, of "liquid street," the dusk lays long, pale hisses, screeches and churns up stream with shadows on the levees; but bells jingle a violence which suggests Sairey Gamp's right joyously on happy horses making good remarks on that "smoking monster" and comeward speed with their empty coal "confugion steamer," the Anksworks packarts. The darkey levee-mender-a notable age. In contrast, the calm, reflective breathold figure ir his faded purple shirt, shabby | ing of the ferryboat falls like soothing mu-

village up under the bridge, behind Towhead island. Green, white, red, brown, yellow and blue the mosaic shines; houseboats on the water's edge against a huddled mass of houseboats, low and high, on land, among the green bushes; behind them, on a background of white light, looms and floats the distant gray dome of the Blind Asylum-the whole picture a Kentucky Montmartre, awaiting the artist's brush. Over Louisville town smoke pennants and clouds have ceased to hover; and along the beautiful, ragged skyline of the city, in a softened steel-gray light, "the quiet-colored end of evening smiles-miles on miles." The lower end of the long, jagged panorama of dwellings, business blocks, chimneys and elevators melts and fades into a shadowy dream city-floating away from the work-a-day world into a glorified country of sweet idle

"And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil," says Whistler's "Ten o'Clock," "and when the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us-then the wayfarer hastens home."

But, on the Indiana shore and over the Indiana hills another exquisite chapter of enchantment rises. As the great July sun sinks far down, the dimmed shadow of the great bridge lies faintly, far up stream. Down stream to the lower bridge, and up beyond the island and the shipyards the eye loses vision in levely vistas which, themselves, are lost against the green banks of the great Ohio. From the dense bushes on the Jeffersonville shore, touched only at the top with sunset gold, cool little black shadows steal out into the water-a cooler edge creeps into the breezes which whip ceaselessly across the ferry decks, now filled with care-free men and women, faring home. Of all happiest, restful methods of home-going from labor commend me to a ferryboat. Now the glittering sunset path on the "channel away from Tiger's bar on the left, above Beargrass creek." In the middle distance the water is now a pale sea-green, shading off to a dimpled silver-white, burnished again, at its northern edge, into glowing and gorgeous sunset hues. Soon the rose-red afterglow has its way with the evening world. Red gold lie the Indiana hills, red gold the Indiana shore, and red gold again half the Ohio's majestic current. In shining silver gray the hushed city of Louisville muses, under a silver sky, with misty, silvery water lapping the city's edges.

With softened bell and silent whistle, almost a dream ferry in this all-pervading. blissful, fading day, our ferryboat glides on its way-the other ferry having "laid up" for the night. At the tag end of the levee procession, however, as the last note of the day's strenuous strife, comes always the man about to get left. Alone in his flurry and his hurry, he doubtless seems to himself: but, to the cool-headed pilot in his square glass tower, or to the upper-deck observer, he is but one of many, a single item in the all-day procession of men running down the bank to catch the ferry. In the pilot's mind, mayhap, the population of Indiana and Kentucky consists of "four odd millions, mostly men about to get left by

"It is the outdoor time of day," and all ferry travelers now "haul a bench to the bow and 'open up' the evening breeze.' Theodore Winthrop's "dear, pensive glooms of nightfall" become doubly dear on the water. Exquisite Venus-"sublime, sweet evening star"-hangs her thrilling lamp early in the rose-colored sky over silver hills on himself, it was because the latter had not | But, before the stars appear, a long orangehued passenger train, homeward bound, curves and creaks over the bridge high against the crimsoned dome. Then the lights come out. Far down the Louisville levee, Seventh-street station becomes, at a touch, a glittering bevy of silver stars; lanterns flash out, red and blue, high on the smokestacks of steamboats along shore, and golden lamps blossom on their lower and upper decks. Lights gleam on the coal barges and from the top stories of tall factories. Louisville street lights and Jeffersonville street lights flash on the eye, like silbreak into banks is because France is full ver pennants fluttering in the wind. Over the lower bridge crawl the end-lights of a long freight train, far apart; and beyond, under the bridge, shine the lights of old Shippingsport and the home lights of prized New Albany. Out into the river steal countand shares, and invariably finds its way to less wavering streamers of gleam from London. Indeed, most bank robberies com- Louisville lights, high on the bank or low mitted on the continent are the work of along shore-"a golden flounce to the starry English ,thieves. Now, as all stocks and skirts of heaven." Up stream the long, black shares are numbered, their sale in the open | island lies under the jewel-dotted bridge, market is stopped at once. However, the hardly visible in the now dark vista of the river. Brightly shine into the black water times a solicitor, always manage to get a the home lights of the houseboat village fair "reward" for their "labors." The Lon- anchored off Howard's shipyards; and, at each end of the ferry's liquid street clusters a faithful bunch of golden stars in the small shops of the ferry wharves. A red balloon rises over the scattered lights of upper Jeffersonville; and coke kilns blaze along shore, answering the red dragon-eyes of lit-

hang motionless, high in air, over the sand the black dredgeboats anchored out in the barges. Dying sunshine from the western stream. Either way the ferryboat glides the hills brings out in high color the houseboat huge, ghost-like masonry and great ironwork of the bridge frames a matchless "night piece"-a long, cool, resting city of silver lights, gleaming beyond the lovely black river. Overhead, "the ever fresh surprise of starlight."

On the upper deck, all the long, delightful

breezy summer hours, until 12 o'clock, when the ferry stops until 5 the next morningthe passing show goes on. Early in the evenbrightly-clad theater parties cross to Louisvill; the bare heads of the pretty girls, in fluffy white, pink and blue frocks, "tossing and blowing like a bunch of sweet peas." In attendance are boys or young men in black, outwardly composed, but inwardly apprehensive of the warm weather unreliability of the conventional high, stiff collar. Here and there in dusky corners-behind the wheelhouses or in front of the smokestacksabide other young couples, discussing, with mutual interest, the oldest of romances-the heart's unpublished volume. In other cozy, shadowy nooks, too, are dim outlines of older men-two or three, in a business chat, or one, musing restfully over his congenial cigar. Deserted is the lower front deck, all day long filled with wagons and carriages; and the gate custodian perched on a postat his post-takes eight-minute nans, under his hat slouched over his eyes, until the ferry bumps him alert at the wharves. Paper-bag banquets-often the all-pervading peanut-take place here and there among the people on the upper deck, with frequent excursion, on the part of children, to the icewater regions below stairs. Other midsummer-night revelers climb the Jeffersonville hill to the refreshment of the local "ice cream parlors," returning again to the ferry insatiate of the cool black river, of starry deeps under a starry dome. Among the passengers who stay is a mother with an ail- Minister of Foreign Affairs Blanc. ing baby, and a helpful little sister, who have been several hours on the ferryboat. The fretful little fellow is happier here than elsewhere, she says, and has mended steadily since medicine was abandoned for long water softens to a golden crimson flaked daily morning and evening doses of clean with brown; and pleasure boats, in all gay river air. After business hours the father colors, with all gay passengers, steal out comes, and the blessedness of the little famin the house nor in the catacombs beneath it the green shadowy edge of the darkening in the forest," so there are none on the rivlanguage and push the unwilling river revnavigators near Jeffersonville are warned to | elers home. At the top of the levee the deserted tent of the peanut and watermelon man has already an air of "the day after the fair;" and the departing ferryboat, as its trail of shimmering reflections lengthens. resembles a gigantic golden beetle, moving slowly on twelve long golden legs, through the glistening black tide, to the other shore, EMMA CARLETON.

THE WORDS WE USE.

New Albany, July 28.

A Correspondent Thinks Journal's Estimate of Vocabulary Too Liberal.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal: Having read with considerable interest your article on the number of words in common use, as copied in the London read the article to which you referred, in which the statement was made that the vocabulary of the illiterate was limited to some 300 or 400 words I rather think that your deductions that 4,000 to 5,000 for the lower classes is far too high.

If my memory serves me aright the article referred to by you was from the pen of an old country writer, where the dense ignorance of the country vokel no doubt an swered to his description and would hardly apply to Americans since "the schoolmaster has been abroad" for so long a time, yet, in my opinion, if we add, say 50 per cent, to his calculations, we should not be far astray even in this country fact that I recently analyzed an article appearing under the caption of "Hints of the Progress of Knowledge" in the issue May 9, last, in World Wide (published in Montreal at the Witness Office) being a reprint of an article entitled "The Manual Arts in the Elementary School" in the Commercial Advertiser, New York.

The article, including caption, contained in all 1,722 words. These I wrote down alphabetically and found the total words used to be 603, the remainder being duplicates; of these, 478 only were root words the remaining 125 being plurals or deriva-

The name of the writer of the article was not given, but he must have been a man of considerable scholastic attainments and if he, in an article of such length, used so few words what would an unlettered person use provided he attempted the task. Probably and presumably not one-fourth as many P. S. I must admit that the comparison being written as against verbal use of words is not conclusive, but has a relative value. Yours respectfully, C. F. PASHLEY.

Sarnia, Ont., July 29

Insured for Anything.

Philadelphia Record. "Nothing is impossible in insurance," an insurance agent said the other day "Lloyds, the London association of underwriters, will issue a policy of any sortof absolutely any sort-you want. Lloyds is made up of a great number of insurance the way of a policy presents itself there the wouldn't care to take the risk alone, bu try it. Thus, when a snake is to be insured or a giraffe, or when a man wants insurballoonist wants insurance for the twentyfour hours of his ascension, a group of a dozen brokers will underwrite the policy together, and thus a new page is added to insurance's history.'

HEAD OF THE ORDER OF CATHOLIC PRIESTS



As the head of the order of priests Cardinal Netto is one of he notable figures at Rome. He assisted Cardinals Oreglia and Macchi in managing the details of the funeral of Pope Leo.

ANECDOTES OF POPE LEO

Habits and characteristic sayings and doings of the late Pontiff, as noted by his secretary and other members of his intimate family

Pope Leo was a strict disciplinarian. Al- to thy honesty, I will speak to Rampolla ways busy himself, he disliked to see others and see that thou art well rewarded." All idle. His intimates often heard him say to the man got was 15 francs. Leo was blamed ing, after the business flow has ceased, high prelates and even to cardinals visit- for his parsimony, but it is very likely that ing him in his bedroom: "Your Eminence, Rampolla fixed the sum of the scant reward. let us hope that sooner or later you will get tired of visiting the country." At other times he spoke more directly: "No, I won't grant vacations. Remain in Rome like ourselves. As Pope, he got along on one franc only, If it is good enough for us, it ought to be good enough for other servants of the

> When one of his secretaries, Mgr. Boccali was caught by Leo yawning, he said, impatiently: "That tired feeling again. I don't understand it."

> Leo retired for the night at 9 o'clock, but at that early hour his programme of work was not finished by any means. He usually remained awake for many hours composing sitting at his bedside.

> His bedchamber was his favorite reception and workroom. When a person of much importance was received, the bed was concealed behind curtains, Leo persuading himself that no one suspected its presence.

Among the punishments the Vatican deals out, temporary banishment is most enforced against the princes of the church, Cardinalhe got three months "to spend anywhere outside of Rome." The late Cardinal Hohenlohe was sent to Lago Maggiore for the same length of time because he once clinked glasses with Crispi at the house of the

Cardinal Trombetta was banished five months, two months for riding in an open cab and three months for harshly admonishing the cathedral chapter of St. Albano, the members of which had remonstrated

invitation, to which they were entitled. Though the Vatican has more than 1.100 him, Commander Sterbini, the grand cupbearer, used to keep him company at luncheon, dinner and supper. He is a lover of art and-gossip-and Leo playfully called him the only "uncensored newspaper" he saw. for though Rampolla would not admit it nothing crept into the daily press clipping report, submitted to the Pope, that his Eminence had not seen and approved of. The Italian clerical papers are forbidden

by Rampolla to publish reports on the Pope's state of health. At one time Monsignore Angeli, when reading a Roman daily to the Pope, skipped a paragraph dealing with the Holy Father's late spell of illness. Leo observed it, and, knocking the paper from his hand with a fan, said: "Send me my valet. I see your eyes are giving out."

If Leo prided himself on one thing more than the other, it was his health. As a (Ont.) Advertiser, and having previously rule, he permitted his doctors to prescribe only one kind of medicine-a good laugh. Instead of bothering him with questions about his liver, they had to tell stories. To Lapponi he often said: "Don't get excited. doctor; we have a better physician than you -Divine Providence."

On one occasion Lapponi had forbidden the Holy Father to speak longer than ten minutes at a reception of pilgrims, and, the time being up, the doctor began to cough. Leo gave him an ironical look and, after he had finished, remarked: "You have a bad cold. Lapponi; better go to the Vatican druggist and get some syrup at my ex-In February, 1899, when the Pope was

Mazzoni how he felt about it. The professor. fearing loss of reputation in case the Pope did not survive, answered truthfully enough: "Rather shaky, your Holiness." "No matter," replied Leo, "I have courage

for two," and, observing Lappeni, added "No, for three; go ahead, in God's name." When Bishop Ireland called upon him soon

after his operation, the kind-hearted American could not restrain his tears. "Don't cry," said the Pope, as if addressing a child "You are not old enough to think of death by a good many years." On another occasion, when the Pope had

refrain from giving audiences by order of his physicians, he sent for the Tribuna in the evening and, before opening the paper said to his secretary: "If it were not sinful have me half dead again?' The anecdote that after a certain sick spell

he addressed Cardinal Oreglia with the gia apartments. words: "Have you got your little hammer about you?" is true. Both his valet and the Pope referred to the silver hammer, with | ened, it's I." when he is officially pronounced dead. When Bismarck died, Leo called his valet

and said: "Curious, is it not? The statesman-giant of the century dies of a complication of diseases, while this little body continues to resist attacks of ill health." dinals. Leo impatiently exclaimed: "These young men always seem to have time to be

Lapponi had only a salary of 250 francs him every time he was wanted.

Vatican, and Leo was very grateful to him for his devotion. During the operation in the winter of 1899. Pio held the vessel to reof the bed, the Pope saw that his face was white with terror. "Courage, little Pio." whispered Leo, "they are cutting me up, not you.'

Carefulness in money matters was a famfriends, the valet Centra, for instance, he was even generous. After the jubilee year he gave him all the wines sent to the Vatican by people all over the world. Their sale allowed Centra to acquire quite a deal of landed property.

Imposture, or anything smacking of it, he hated. On ascending the throne of St. Peter's, he presented the Swiss guards with 50 francs a head, just half of what they expected to receive. Hence, much indignation among the lazy troopers. Some of them broke their arms, others tore their uniforms. whereupon Leo sent word that he would call in the police-the Italian police-if they did not behave. Wafking in the Vatican gardens shortly

after the beginning of his pontificate. Leo observed that the pomegranate and citron trees were bereft of fruit. "Who harvested here without asking my

leave?" he asked the officiating secretary. who replied that it was customary to divide the fruit of the Vatican gardens, not used in the palace, among the cardinals and pre-

Next day the Pope issued an order that the products of the gardens should be sold. the amounts to be paid into the treasury. Several years ago, the fisherman's ring slipped off Leo's finger while he was asleep, with his hands in his lap. A lackey found it and returned it to the Pope. Leo blessed the man and said; "The holy church is indebted

It was Leo's boast that, as grand administrator of the church, his personal expenses never exceeded three francs per day,

"Do you think Leo XIII a cow? I haven't acquired a second stomach since yesterday, when I was Cardinal Pecci," he said to his cook, when the latter proposed a change in the diet after moving to the Vatican.

The three things he insisted on were: Clean linen, home-made bread and fresh eggs. While Lee was bent on making as much money as possible for the church, he was not commercially inclined. True, he sold the products of the Vatican vintage to the highverses and dictating them to a secretary, est bidder, but the proposals of a stock company to market the wine under the Vatican label and with papal authority, were indignantly declined. Even an offer of 5,000,000 francs cash for the monopoly failed to tempt Leo.

Several years ago his former business manager, Mgr. Folchi, lost twelve millions of Leo's money at the Paris bourse, whereupon the Pope read him a most decided Vicar Porochi had dared to contradict Leo; lecture on foolhardy business methods, telling him at the same time to keep out of his way for a month or so; after that Folchi was received at the Vatican as usual, but never again did he see the color of the Pope's money.

Leo never got rid of the habits of his early environment. Farmers are naturally suspicious and the Pope was never quite happy unless his personal belongings were under lock and key. No one dared touch anything on his writing desk; only when its with him for failing to extend to them an disorder was so great as seriously to interfere with business was the valet allowed to set it straight-under the Pope's own eyes from the boathouses and dot the stream off | ily seems complete. As "there are no clocks | rooms, Leo never had a dining hall of his | When the Holy Father left his library, he own. Meals were served wherever he hap- invariably locked the door and put the key

When Leo's four secretaries were provided with work for a given number of hours, he locked them in, too-to prevent visitors and servants from distrubing their labors, he said. But good nature not infrequently triumphed over his precaution, and at intervals the Pope could be seen stealthily enter the secretary's room with a bottle of good old wine under his arm. Each got a glass and the rest was divided among them. Then the door snapped to again.

His personal funds the Pope kept in a safe, standing in his bedroom, and his valet or Monseignor Del Val were, from time to time, ordered to help him count his accumulated wealth. That the counting was perfunctory only is evident from the fact that at one of these occasions a bundle was found containing bank notes that had long been out of circulation. Again, it often happened, that the Pope forgot to clip maturing cou-

Leo was nervous and easily irritated by the demands of his toilet. "Little Pius," he often said to his valet, "I am beginning to think that the Pope is harder to dress than a fine lady. You ought to thank God that I don't go into society."

The Pope's wardrobe budget was quite large for a man of his simple tastes, because he spoiled a good many of his white gowns by the snuff habit to which he was addicted. But still more were ruined by the muse of poetry that visited him at all hours of the night and day.

As soon as the idea for a poem struck him, he took his pen in hand waiting for the stanzas to form. They did not always come about to be operated on, he asked Professor to the front as readily as anticipated, and, in the meanwhile. Leo described figures in the air with the penholder, much to the detriment of his white woolen gown, the usefulness of which ceased after the first drop of ink descended upon it.

An Italian painter had secured the order for decorating the "Gallery of Candelabri," and after he had been at work several weeks, the Pope went to see what progress he was making, and although the maestro tried to restrain him by hifaultin talk. Leo insisted upon mounting the scaffold and investigating for himself. When he stepped down his face was red with anger. "Remove these daubs without delay," he said to the master of the palace. "Another artist shall be called in, and mind, this time we will not be mislead by national preferences." I would say: 'What do you bet, that they ! Thereupon Ludwig Seitz was employed and he did the work so well that Leo commissioned him afterwards to renovate the Bor-

When another French artist asked Leo to inscribe a portrait he had painted, the bedroom attendants heard the remark. The Pope did so in the words: "Don't be frightt-

archy by name; he knew their additional titles, bishoprics, abbeys and even their personal traits. Several years ago he ordered some changes in the South American sees and without referring to a handbook noted down the various bishops' Christian and In 1888 influenza laid low most of the car- proper names, their age, residence and qualifications.

Some old ladies from Cologne were received by Leo in special audience, but were WILLIG'S FURNITURE STORE. too timid to utter a word. All they could do per month, and as that would be entirely was to kiss the papal toe. "Pray restrain insufficient, the Pope sent a carriage for yourself, ladies," said Leo at length, "I will have to wear that slipper again. And now If the Pope was ill, his valet had to be up tell me of your great city, speak loudly, if and about day and night. He seldom left the | you please. Just act as if I was your old deaf uncle. Everybody has one or more deaf uncles, I dare say."

Several years ago a French photographer ceive the blood, and as he knelt at the side came to the Vatican to take a life-size picture of the Holy Father. Of course he had to wait quite a while before a sitting could be arranged for, and that difficulty settled. another arose. Leo was so nervous that the photographer despaired of persuading him to ily trait with Leo, but Zola's accusation of keep still even for a second. At last he got avarice is not borne out by the facts. To his a good focus, and, under his breath, exclaimed, "Brave."

Leo heard it and turning instantly to a cardinal sitting near-by, said: "Did you hear? This Frenchman calls me a 'bravo'" (Brave is equivalent to bandit) One day, when papal nuncio in Brussels,

Leo was literally held up by a workingman in the street, who insisted that he must listen to what he had to say about "the damned Catholics." "Very well," replied his Eminence, "I lis-

ten. And when you get through, take these 100 francs, buy yourself a new suit of clothes and come to my office. There you you." The workman kept the appointment and left the nuncio's office a true son of the

As a young man and priest and even as bishop, Leo was very fond of hunting, After becoming Pope he hunted with the net only, and always generously released the birds he caught in the Vatican gardens.

Two Verdiets. What shall be said of me when all is done,

And I lie quiet in my dusty bed?

Of my long fight with Fate, alas! unwon,

What shall be said?

"Tears for the fallen; silence for the dead; And be not righteous overmuch, my son!"
So the world's wisdom. But an angel read This from on high: "He failed; and one by Delivered up the gates beleaguered.
Yea. But he struggled. He need never shun

What shall be said."

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